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Lane's, (formerly French's) Book Store.

MISS BURDETT COUTTS.—Miss Coutts seems to have imbibed the impression that laborers were getting scarce in America,—and that the war had so drained off available muscle, that it would be doing Americans a real kindness to get Lancashire to help to supply its place—and hence, at her own expense, she sends out an instalment of English workmen by the Europa.

The lady is the youngest daughter of the late Francis Burdett, and on the mother's side a grand-daughter of the wealthy English banker, Sir Thomas Coutts. She is about fifty years of age. Her prospects in early life were not brilliant, as her father's family was a large one, and her grandfather's fortune, which had been left to his widow (the actress, Miss Mellon, whom he married late in life), had apparently been diverted into another channel by the marriage of the latter with the Duke of St. Alban's. The Duchess, however, having no children of her own, determined that the fortune of her first husband should revert to his family, and made Miss Angela Burdett her heiress, on condition that she should assume the name of Coutts. In 1837 Miss Burdett Coutts succeeded to this vast property, estimated at between two and three millions sterling, and since then, has dispensed large sums annually—amounting probably to her entire income—in various charities. One of the most important of these was the building and endowment, in 1847, of a church, with a parsonage and schools attached, which was selected by the late Dr. Bloomfield, Bishop of London, who also acted on other occasions as her agent or almoner. The outlay for this work amounted to £30,000. She has also endowed a bishopric in Adelaide, South Australia; and in 1858 appropriated £15,000 for a similar purpose in British Columbia.

Having provided Bishops for British Columbia and Australia,—on the other side of the globe—it was an inspiration for Miss Coutts to provide us with laborers from Lancashire, and hence the shipping of operatives here.—[N. Y. Express.

FROM THE WEST.

CHATTANOOGA, Feb. 20.—The trains from Tullahoma make a communication at Buck Creek. Pontoon bridges have been constructed for the passengers to cross. The Louisville Journal of the 16th says the democratic convention at Frankfort is an artifice, dishonorable in fact, as it is deadly in purpose.

It says the Southern sympathizers in Louisville are holding meetings preparatory to their State convention at Frankfort on the 18th.—Similar meetings have been held in the adjoining counties.

Rosecrans' army is mud-bound. The Federals have been repulsed in every demonstration against Port Hudson.

Mr. Chandler, through his bill introduced into the U. S. Senate on Friday, proposes to abate the nuisance of trading within the army lines, by providing for the appointment of Government agents, under heavy bonds, to collect all abandoned property attainable in insurrectionary districts, and buy cotton, rice, sugar, and tobacco.

A NOBLEMAN BEFORE THE COURTS.—One of the most interesting cases that have for a long time claimed the attention of the police was before Justice Connolly at the Tombs yesterday. The facts as they transpired in the evidence are, that a German baron of wealth, respectability and position, by the name of Von Santen, formed an attachment for an American lady, to whom he was married some few weeks since in New Jersey. The couple then removed to New York. The baron was surprised, mortified, and incensed upon returning to his lodgings a short time afterward to find an American gentleman, Mr. Robert Macomber, of 275 Fifth avenue, in a room with the baroness, and in a situation calculated to excite jealousy in the highest degree. It is alleged that the baron, under the dictation of his noble blood at once drew his revolver and exclaimed:

"When I find a man in a room with my wife I say, one, two, three; and when I count three and he is not gone then I shoot him and make him cold."

Suited the action to the word the enraged baron took up his position, and through his clenched teeth and quivering lips muttered the premonitory "one." The "American gentleman" began to gather himself up, for he saw determination in the "lordly eye," and concluded that his position was becoming critical. "Two," said the baron, raising the weapon menacingly and looking terribly in earnest. Before the word "three" could be uttered Mr. Macomber had gone through the door with an impetuosity worthy the object he had in view, viz., the prolongation of his mortal life. As to what occurred after the escape of the intruder the oracle is dumb, and nothing more was heard of the matter until yesterday, when Mr. Macomber was brought before Justice Connolly, charged with having followed the baron from place to place, threatening to take his life, and keeping him in constant bodily fear. Macomber stated that he had kept company with the lady now known as the baroness for several years, which would account for the attachment which he felt for her. He thought that inasmuch as the marriage ceremony between herself and the baron had been celebrated in New Jersey it was null and void in this state, and that he had the same right to visit the lady as heretofore. Justice Connolly informed him that his theory was a wrong one; that the marriage rite in New Jersey was as binding as though performed in New York, and that he should require him to give bail to keep the peace toward the people of the State of New York in general and Baron Von Santen in particular. The accused readily produced the requisite bonds, and was then admonished to leave the baron to himself and not molest him or his lady.

The parties to the above transaction are all reputed to be in excellent circumstances. Macomber, it is stated, has ample means for his maintenance; the baron owns a costly country residence on the Hudson, with ample greenbacks to run the same, and the lady herself is reputed to be worth \$150,000 in her own right—money acquired by her own hands, as it is said, in years past at an establishment in Houston's street. Altogether it is a curious case, and forms with its antecedents a most singular admixture of the high and low phases of life incident to metropolitan communities.—N. Y. World.

The 22d of February was celebrated in Nashville, Tenn., with much enthusiasm.

FALMOUTH, VA., LETTER.

[Correspondence of the Philada. Inquirer.]

IN CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, FEB. 22, 1863.—This is the anniversary of Washington's Birthday, and a more dreary one, as regards weather, it has never fallen to my lot to behold. Before daylight this morning a driving snow storm set in, and the wind blew a perfect gale, which continued all day, compelling everybody to keep close quarters. There is an average depth of eight to ten inches of snow on the ground, and in many places it has formed "drifts" two and three feet deep. Of course, this impediment will keep the roads in a bad condition for some time to come, and prevent any active military movements.

Yesterday, which was the first fine day we have had for more than a week, I strolled along the bank of the river opposite Fredericksburg, and for nearly an hour was an observer of what was transpiring on the other side. There were more Confederates to be seen than at any one time for weeks past. The old frame house on the top of the river bank, at the ferry, used by them as a picket station, was surrounded by one or two hundred loungers, dressed in all sorts of costumes—gray, drab and butternut predominating, while a considerable number sported U. S. Army blue overcoats taken from the Federal soldiers after the late battle.

On one of the cross streets, a party of about twenty were collected round a rifle-pit, at which four men were working with picks and spades, while the others looked on lazily. Every shovelful of dirt thrown up, and every blow of the pick-axes, as they struck the hard ground, could be distinctly heard and seen. The diggers whistled and sung "Dixie's Land" gaily, and, at every half dozen shovelful, they would stop and gaze at what was going on upon our side of the river. There was an unusual hilarity all along the river upon their side. They yelled, shouted, whistled and sang, and seemed in decidedly good humor about something; but what it was, we on this side, could not tell.

Late in the afternoon, it was said that the jubilation was on account of the reported capture of the *Rain Queen* of the West, near Vicksburg.

The Richmond Enquirer ridicules the "rumor" that Commissioners from the Northwestern States were going to Richmond to arrange a peace. The Enquirer says:—"Not one of those States has yet pronounced itself in this sense, though some stump-orators have. When they do take such action—that is, when their Legislatures and Governors accredit Commissioners to Richmond for any such purpose, no doubt they will be received and answered according to the nature of their proposal. We presume they will be told that the first thing they have to do is to call back their forces to their own country, that then we will be willing to make treaties with them, but that as to an union with the confederacy, under the 'old flag' or any other they come two years too late."

A brutal prize fight took place in Williamsburg, N. Y., on Sunday morning last, between Albert Harner and William Whiteford. The combatants fought seven rounds, when it was discovered that Harner's right hand was broken and useless, and the victory declared for Whiteford.